

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

FREE BAPTIST
WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

BOSTON

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The Missionary Helper.

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FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

VOL. XIII.

MAY, 1890.

No. 5.

-The field is the world. It is pitifully sad to read of the barbarities which are still perpetrated in the slave trade in Africa. We learn with joy that the Belgium Anti-Slavery Society is planning to send expeditions to Africa to protect the natives against Arab slave stealers. . . . W. H. Murray, of the Scotch Bible Society, has devised a system for teaching the blind among the Chinese and Tartars, by which they learn with great rapidity. Their progress is watched with intense interest among the Chinese, and many who would not otherwise listen to the Gospel, receive it from the books which the blind read with their fingers.

. . . A missionary colony has been established in Java, a tract of land having been obtained from the government, and portions of it given to native Christians and other well-disposed persons. This is an excellent idea, because it surrounds the children and youth with Christian influences and prevents their being drawn away by wicked associations. . . . In India there are two missionaries to each million of inhabitants. Five hundred thousand persons constitute a very large parish.

. . . . The Congregationalists have forty-three self-supporting churches in Japan. . . . There are in the United States twenty-two missionary societies managed by women. They support 751 missionaries, and last year contributed \$1,038,233.

THE HEATHEN COMING HERE.

MISSIONARY work is being rapidly revolutionized. Do not misunderstand us. We do not mean that any organic change is taking place, or that there is at present any difference in methods. But the revolution consists in necessary conditions connected with developments in the world.

When it was so rare a thing for a person to visit Europe or the East that everybody who could construct a sentence wrote the story of his travels, Europe, especially Asia, seemed very foreign to us. But now that Europe has emptied her surplus population on to our eastern shores and Asia's swarms have alighted on our western coast, it begins to be hard to tell which country is the most foreign.

The great obligations that come with this condition of things, if fully met, will in a few years bring great changes to missionary work. It has become so common a thing for boys to be sent here from Asiatic countries to be educated, that we read without surprise that the king of Siam is about to send five Siamese boys, in charge of an American missionary, to be educated here. In many of our colleges and schools, students of different nationalities are pursuing courses of study which bring them in contact, not only with our thought, but our practices and Christian living.

What an opportunity is thus afforded our nation to do most effective missionary work at home! No missionaries can be more successful than returned, educated natives, if they have truly embraced Christianity.

But just here is also a great danger. A lady who let a part of her house to another family made it a rule that no one who worked for her should work for others in the same house. She evidently felt that her household arrangements and dealings were not such as it was desirable to have known. We fear our country is in something the same predicament. A foreigner recently remarked that this is the most irreligious country he

has ever visited. He said people talk of everything else but their religion. They show visitors everything but their churches. Their religious belief and public life do not agree. Would that he were the only foreigner who need come to such conclusions! What will be the result if such impressions are carried back to heathen countries? Will it not be to counteract the influence of missionaries, instead of helping? If it were not that Christianity has in it elements which must and will prevail over all obstacles, dire might be the results. As it is, there should be developed at once more of Christian statesmanship. We should recognize the fact that the present is not only a time when our own country's interests demand a great infusion of Christianity into our national life, but our Christian duty to the whole world makes it doubly obligatory. The Pan-American Congress that is studying us, and the nations that through their representatives are testing the practical value of our Christianity, are receiving impressions that will aid or militate against our missionary efforts. Situated as we are at present, it is hardly saying too much to affirm that the United States will give to the world such an embodiment of Christianity as is here found. Being a government of the people, this involves great personal responsibility. The question that ought to be brought home to every Christian man is, What can I do in my responsible position as a citizen to make my principles recognized in town, State, and Nation? And every Christian woman should be equally desirous for opportunity to help make our nation a truly God-fearing one.

The real question is not whether God can save the heathen if we do not give them the Gospel, but whether he can save us if we refuse to give. The Lord Jesus' command was, "Go preach my Gospel to every creature."—*C. C. McCabe.*

To succeed, be ready when opportunity comes.—*Disraeli.*

" 'TIS OURS TO SOW."

BY THE REV. ERNEST G. WESLEY.

'TIS ours the seed to sow, each day,
Each hour, where Christ our Lord shall say!
The seed which falls He knows, and where
He guides, if in His name we toil
And wait for His sweet will to bring
The fruit. We may not cease for fear,
For heat or cold, for night or blast
Which chills the heart. He lives, and He,
Our Lord, has said the seed shall grow.
And if, perchance, on hardened soil,
On rock, 'mid thorns, it seemeth lost,
He knows where fell the word of truth:
And after years—though we no more
On earth are found—will summon
The word, the prayer, the sigh, the tear,
We fancied lost. His power divine
The blade can cause to spring from ground
Long hardened by the feet of sin.
'Tis ours to trust, to pray, to toil—
'Tis His, our toil to bless.

Long years the seed we sow may lie
Safe hid, safe kept in heart and mind,
Though hard and cold, and numb from sin!
Our eye may weep, our heart grow sad—
But tears for Christ shall moisture give
Which germs shall quicken into life
We thought were withered, parched, and dead.
And prayer from hearts yet true, though sad,
Shall wake the seed from slumber deep,
To thrust its tiny rootlets down
In crevice of the very rock,
To seek for life: and then at last
Through rocky soil shall pierce the blade,
And then the ear, and then the fruit,—
Thus saith the Christ, our faithful Lord,
"Toil on, and I will bless."

'Tis ours to sow ! Some seed to-day
Must fall. It matters not whose hands
May reap : the harvest's Lord will give
To each his rich reward, when home
At last are called the lab'ers all.
It matters not who sowed, who reaped ;
To each his work the Master gives,
And each must faithful prove. His smile
Repaying more than years of pain ;
Be what it may, some day will pour
Its beams of joy, and peace, and life
Upon our soul, as near His throne
We stand, and in our arms the sheaves
We gleaned from fields where others sowed ;
Or fruit of seed which we 'mid tears
Let fall, whose grain our brother reaped :
The whole is His, our Lord's !

O blessed truth !

We toil, and He doth bless ; His word
Shall never void return to Him !

O blessed trust !

To leave the seed of truth in care
Of Christ, and labor on !

O blessed hope !

Some day, we know not when, the seed
Now sown with tears, with joy, shall prove
Ingathered fruit for Him !

O blessed Lord !

Who thus our work dost deign to bless ;
In faith and love, through prayer and toil,
We follow Thee : our hand in Thine,
Our eye on Thee—and Thou shalt lead
Where'er Thou wilt ! Thou knowest best
Where man can sow the seed. Obey
We will, and Thou wilt bless !

Providence, R. I.

GLIMPSES OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY MRS. ADA KENNAN.

II.

A "MACEDONIAN CRY" reached me in my Minnesota home, in October, 188—, in the following extract from my husband's letter, dated, V—, Dakota: "Can you come and hold a few meetings, help start a prayer-meeting, and organize a Sunday-school? Such religious destitution I never met, but the enemy of souls has his 'recruiting office,' the saloon, in the advance."

I left M— at 10 A. M. the next day, and at 4 P. M. reached the limit of railway passenger transit at H— City. The two low-walled, shabbily-kept hotels (?) were full of railroad employees and land-hunters, but at last Mrs. A—, of Rock Island, and I secured a small, low room, destitute of furnishings, save a bed and a high stool, upon which was placed, as evening shadows fell, a smoky kerosene lamp. There were no toilet conveniences, — not even a hook to hang our wraps and wearing apparel upon when we retired for the night.

In the morning the landlord's daughter brought us a basin of water and a towel, and, making our toilets as best we could, we descended the narrow, difficult stairs, to a breakfast that our stomachs refused to entertain. Repairing to the station, we found ourselves obliged to wait until 2 P. M. to have our "private coach," a box-car containing scales, destined to the elevator at V—, attached to the outgoing construction train.

After a ride of fifteen miles we reached the new railroad town of V—, just platted and put upon the market by the "Company." It consisted of an elevator in process of construction, a depot in the same condition, a seven-by-nine building used as a temporary depot, and a frame dwelling fourteen by twenty-two feet in size, the front room occupied as a saloon, store, and post-office, and the room in the rear as a dwelling by the proprietor. On a temporary "siding" were the sleeping, dining, and

kitchen cars of the carpenters' crews. Stretching away to the limit of vision, north, south, east, west, was the monotonous expanse of prairie level, its outline broken here and there by the "dry goods box" of a homesteader's claim-shanty, or by his more comfortable sod-house.

On alighting from the train, my husband conducted me to his "private office" — one end of a "sleeper," the remainder occupied by the rough bunks of the workmen. Assured that I was not in need of food (I had found some palatable rolls and tea at a bakery in H——), he asked me if I could pass away the time there until 6 o'clock, when he would be at liberty to accompany me to his boarding place at a farmhouse. I replied that having leisure, I would call upon our near neighbors, the cook and her husband, who had charge of the boarding cars, and perhaps upon the wife of the merchant, post-master, and saloon-keeper, on the corner of Main and Alden Streets.

When I ascended the plank to the side of the car, and rapped on the unopened half of the door, I expected to see a swarthy, red-armed Irish or Scandinavian woman, who would, perhaps, resent my call as an intrusion. I was agreeably surprised by the sight of a pale face, browned by exposure, lighted by a pair of clear gray eyes, and crowned with a mass of golden-brown hair, combed smoothly back from a broad low forehead. A sweet low voice, not yet keyed to the demand of the high prairie winds, responded to my introduction of myself, by naming its possessor, and inviting me to enter, lay aside my wraps, and be seated. Then, with an apology and an explanation of its necessity, Mrs. R—— resumed the dish-washing I had interrupted. We fell into conversation as easily as though we had been schoolmates in the far-away New England home of her childhood. When I urged her to let me wipe the dishes, that my presence might not retard her work, she pinned an apron over my traveling dress, and gave me a towel, saying, "It seems almost like having a visit with Sister Lucy again;" and then, though our fingers were nimble, they could not keep pace with our

tongues while she told me of the emigration to Michigan from New England, of her father's family, of father and mother and brother and sisters; of the two dear little "jewels" lent for a time, Harry and Nellie, whose graves were beside Sister Lucy's in Michigan. After a little pause to recover her calmness, she spoke of the "Western fever" that urged her husband to the land of the Dacotahs; of the homestead and the shanty three miles to the north; of this opportunity to earn some money by the arduous, uncongenial work. Her eyes seemed gazing into far-off vistas, and her voice broke with emotion, while tears streamed unheeded down her cheeks, when, after speaking of the hardships, privations, and exposures of the pioneer life, she said, "I could bear it all if it were not for the homesick longing for loved ones, if it were not for the *awe-full* loneliness. When Henry is away until the evening, and the silence that can be felt broods over the prairie, and the shadows of night narrow the horizon until I feel that I am alone, it seems as though I could not endure it! But I can; I must!" she concluded with a half-sob, as she drew a handkerchief from her apron pocket and wiped the tears away.

When I spoke of the Divine companionship, of the ever-present Friend, she said with a sigh, "I knew him once, but I have n't invited him into my shabby shanty, nor had any communication with him since we came to Dakota!" Before and during their early married life they had been Christians: but the removal of their children to the "Father's House" had offended (!) the husband and father, and he had rebelled and refused to do Christian duty. The wife had fallen into habits of neglect, until she lost her hold upon the sustaining Arm.

The dishes done, I read a few comforting, encouraging words from my pocket companion, "Daily Food," and we bowed together in prayer, while I asked "Our Father" to put his arms of love about his weary, wayworn child, to draw her more closely to him, and comfort her sad heart with the conscious knowledge of his loving presence, to help her to serve him in

seeking to care for other souls as well as her own, and finally to bestow upon her spiritual children in place of those he had taken home ; and then I asked him to bless the dear husband, to teach him that his dealings with his children were in love, not in anger, and to bring him back again to the fold.

When we rose from our knees, it was to meet Mr. R——, who stood waiting, hat in hand. His wife introduced us, and as he took my offered hand, he said simply, "Thank you for your prayer for wife and me. We need religion in this frontier life if anywhere. I am glad to see the railroad and the prospect of a town, as are my neighbors also ; but I could wish that liquor-shop over there was replaced by a church. Mr. K—— tells me you will hold some meetings with us." "Yes," I replied ; "if you wish. Where can a place be found?" "On the next section, east, there is a very good schoolhouse that I think can be secured," he responded.

* * * * *

In the meetings that followed, Mr. R—— and his wife were among the first to take a decided stand on the Lord's side, and by their labors, prayers, and Christian sympathy, were largely instrumental in bringing many of their neighbors to the Saviour or to a renewed consecration to his service.

"Are there no hungry that thy hand may feed ;
No sick to aid, no naked to be clad ?
Are there no blind, whose footsteps thou mayst lead ;
No mourning heart that thou canst make less sad ?"

"Up, up, my soul, the long spent time redeeming,
Sow thou the seed of better deed and thought ;
Light other lamps, while yet thy lamp is beaming.
The time,
The time is short."

'The more we do, the more we can do.—*Hazlitt*.

OUR MARCHING ORDERS.

BY IOLA.

"And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

'TWAS the voice of the risen Master,
As He stood by His little band,
And, watching their eager faces,
Thus issued his last command.

He had finished his earthly mission;
He had paved the way to life;
With bleeding feet He had traversed
The path of care and strife.

And now, on his faithful followers
His mantle must descend;
'Tis for them to carry the message
Of their departing Friend.

And well did they heed that message,
Most gladly did they obey;
Though it led those sturdy heroes
Up a rugged, thorn-pierced way.

Now, down through the listening ages
Rings out the same command:
"Go, carry the news of salvation
To people of every land.

"I have given my life to redeem them;
My blood has been shed for them all;
And now, upon you, my disciples,
Must the duty of aiding them, fall."

Have we heeded these "marching orders,"
Are we, each, doing all that we may,
To shed upon nations benighted,
The beams of this bright Gospel Day?

The fields ! They are white for the harvest ;
But the laborers are calling in vain,
For reapers to come and assist them,
In gathering the fast-ripening grain.

O Christian ! up ! and be doing ;
For time hastens swiftly away ;
And soon will the shadows, descending,
Obscure the brief light of the day.

What matters, though sunny or thorny,
The pathway of life to our feet,
If only that pathway lead upward,
Where Jesus our coming shall greet—

Shall greet us with words of approval,
That His voice we have heard and obeyed,
And done what we could for His children,
Who are groping 'mid sin's deepest shade.

NEEDS OF THE FREEDMEN.

THE Freedmen of the South now number at least six millions. Every obligation of Christian humanity demands that they be helped to fill the place of citizens.

Their greatest needs are education, self-reliance, and a fair chance. The first will help to secure the others. There is no time to lose in educating the Negro. Considering all the circumstances of past injury and present ostracism, he has been wonderfully patient amid the disabilities that have attended these years of freedom. But, a people increasing so rapidly, conscious of their rights, cannot always remain as ignorant as the majority of the Freedmen are, without deterioration in national life and danger to our institutions. It is therefore a duty of the most sacred character for us to provide nationally for their education.

Years of servitude were not adapted to develop self-reliance.

The treatment received by the Negroes since their emancipation has also largely tended to keep them in a very dependent position. Education and a recognition of their manhood rights, while held to obedience to law, will develop this trait. Then given a fair chance to enter any sphere which can be creditably filled, the Freedmen of this country will become valuable citizens.

That this result is to be expected is already proved by what has been accomplished. Take one State as an example. A Texas paper says: "The Texas Negroes, according to statistics at the recent Waco Convention, now own about a million acres of land, and pay taxes on \$20,000,000 of property. They have 2,000 churches, as many Sunday-schools and benevolent associations, 10 high schools, 2,500 common schools, 3,000 teachers, and 125,000 children at school. They number 23 doctors, 25 lawyers, 100 merchants, 'hundreds' of farmers and stockmen, and 'several' inventors. They have also 15 newspapers edited by men of their own race."

If such a showing can attend the unfavorable circumstances with which Southern Negroes have been surrounded, how much more rapid may we expect their development to become when compulsory education shall aid in developing their powers to the utmost.

As an example of the advancement of Negro journalism, in 1827, began the publication of the *Freedom's Journal*. This was for a long time the only organ controlled by the colored people in the United States. Twenty years later, Frederick Douglass began to issue the *North Star* at Rochester, N. Y., and since then the colored people have had no difficulty in sustaining religious and secular journals of their own. At the present time they control about 100 weekly newspapers, which have an aggregate average circulation of 300,000 copies, and some of them are entitled to high rank as journals of character and of promise.

In developing the colored race in this country we are also preparing the way for the evangelization of Africa.

DISCIPLINE.

The artist turns the viol's key
To catch the pitch of harmony;
He would not break the vibrant string
Stretched till the very echoes ring!

So God the human heart may tune,
Not to destroy, but grant a boon;
Subdued, more soft, a richer strain,
May follow from the rack of pain.

—*Light of Home.*

I go into a sculptor's studio, and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click. I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh!" he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no; God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.—*Sel.*

Trifles make perfection.—*Michael Angelo.*

To judge religion we must have it—not stare at it from the bottom of a seemingly interminable ladder.—*Geo. MacDonald.*

FROM THE FIELD.

SOME HINDU SUPERSTITIONS.

BY THE REV. A. B. BOYER, B. A.

[Paper read before the Mission Literary Society, at session of Yearly Meeting, January, 1890.]

ONE of the interesting things to a missionary who has lived a few years in this country is the superstition of the natives. It is perfectly astounding to what an extent both high and low, educated and uneducated, are its victims. Scarcely a deed is done, a word uttered, or even a thought conceived by an ordinary native, but it is connected in one way or another with some absurd superstition. Their buying, selling, lending, borrowing, walking, talking, sitting, eating, sleeping, marrying, and even dying, all have the closest relations to devils, ghosts, witches, goblins, charms, curses, omens, etc.

Dreaming of an elephant is a sign of riches, dreaming of death, a sign of marriage. If a sick man dreams of a snake he will get well, especially if the snake was poisonous and bit him.

The sight of a white hawk is a good omen ; so also is a full basket, a cow, a woman carrying milk or curd, or a fisherman carrying fish. It is a good omen if while a person is writing the ink should be spilled on the paper. The spilling of oil is a good omen, and he who spills it must not express regret at its loss. It is a good omen to sneeze while talking, but bad while eating. He who is fortunate enough to appear just as some people are talking of him, is insured of long life. He who dies at full or new moon is sure to go to heaven. If a cobra should raise its head over the head of a sleeping man, and spread its hood, but not bite him, that man shall be a king. Kopila Deb, one of the former rajahs of Orissa, became king in

this way. He was only a cowboy by birth. Sparks from a lamp or candle are good omens. The sight of the tail of a snake is good. Yes, we think so too, at least, better than its head. If while people are talking, the house lizard makes its peculiar ticking sound, it is a good omen. It is said to say, "Sat! Sat!! Sat!!!" *i. e.*, "Truth! Truth!! Truth!!!" and the thing being talked of is true. A number of crows making a cawing about the house means that a friend is coming. The friend's name may be known by placing three lots of rice on the ground and naming them. The name given to the one the crows eat first is the name of the person who is to come.

A house lizard falling at a man's right is a good omen; at his left, bad; at a woman's left it is a good omen; but at her right, bad. A spider seen at a man's right means that he is to have a new garment, but it must be seen at a woman's left in order to insure her a new garment. A black mole anywhere on the right side of a man's body is a good omen, and on the left side bad. If on a woman's body it is good on the left and bad on the right. Itching of a man's right palm means that he is to have great riches, but it means nothing for a woman's right palm to itch; it must be her left, then she will be rich. Tingling of a man's right ear means good news; of a woman's left, good also. Trembling in any part of a man's right side or a woman's left is a good omen, but trembling in a man's left or a woman's right side is bad.

A whole book has been written in the vernacular on the subject of trembling. It deals exhaustively with trembling in the members of the body and its various signs. A dead man is insured of eternal bliss by having a portion of one of his bones swallowed by a Brahman. No less than the present Rajah of Balasore consented to have a Brahman swallow a piece of a bone of his father, the late Rajah. He paid a large sum for it too. The Brahmans whose special prerogative it is to perform this office, form a sect by themselves. They are

called *Bone Swallowers*. If a person while on his way to his father's house should meet a man of the oilman caste, he must turn about. Indeed no business is successful after one has seen a man of this caste. It is a bad sign for any but a mother to call from behind when a person is leaving his house. It is a bad sign to see an empty vessel, but a good sign to see a full one. If an owl looks at a person and cries *whit-too-hoo*, it is an evil omen, or if a large crow should look at a person and caw, the omen is evil; but if a small hooded crow, it is a sign of good news. It is a bad omen for a man to sleep with his head to the north or west. Hindus never sleep in this way, but are always careful to place the head towards either the east or south.

The sight of a washerwoman is an evil omen. If the thatching of a house should be burned, and the standing mud walls should look of a reddish color, it means that the owner of the house is to be a rich man; if the walls look black, it is a bad omen. We would say that the difference was due to the presence or absence of iron in the soil of which the walls were made. If rice should stick in the throat of a person while eating, it is a sign that somebody is thinking evil of him. One shoe on top of another, the sight of a snake's head, or the lowing of a cow at midnight, are bad omens. A winnowing fan must not be brought home during the last half of December or the first half of January. If it should be, it must be thrown near the house at night, and not brought in until the next morning.

[Concluded in next number.]

The Bible is a great garden, filled with fuschias, and with daffodils, and with amaranths, and with evening primroses for the close of life's day, and crocuses at the foot of the snow-bank of sorrow, and heart's ease for the troubled, and passion flowers at the foot of a cross, and morning glories spreading out under the splendors of the breaking day.—*Talmage*.

LETTER FROM LIBBIE C. GRIFFIN.

METRAPORE, Dec. 10, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS: — We are here at this little village at the foot of the Nilgiri hills, nine miles from Balasore. Baby Mona said last evening, as we neared the Mission house in the bright moonlight, "Mamma, very pretty, very pretty." We smiled to think that her little mind had taken in the beauty of the quiet scene, for very pretty it was; the little village with its thatch-roofed houses half hidden by trees, the walled well by the roadside, the white Mission house, and behind all, the long range of hills. The highest hill near Metrapore is seventeen hundred feet high.

Here on Sunday morning Mr. Griffin preached on prayer, and in the afternoon at the Sunday-school arrangements were made for the coming Christmas celebration. It is to be the Saturday after Christmas, as we cannot leave Balasore on Christmas Day. There is to be a tree here and a village dinner. There are about fifty in this Christian community. Joseph, our Balasore pastor, comes out one Sunday a month; and Bhorat, a native preacher, comes sometimes; and we come when we can. When no one is here to preach, Seabho, a young brother, leads the prayer-meeting. The day school here is attended by the Christian children and some Hindus and Santals.

Crops have been poor and the season unusually sickly, so that wherever we go we find great destitution and suffering. Does witnessing such constant suffering harden our hearts, I wonder, and does seeing and hearing indecent things daily deaden our sensibilities? When I see my own little children surrounded by such influences, I shudder to think at what a cost this work of uplifting the heathen must be done. The dangers to our children here morally and spiritually are more to be feared than sunstroke or snakebite, than fever or cholera. Mother Griffin wrote the other day that the pain she endured from the separation from her son, even though she willingly gave

him for India, was teaching her to understand a little more what the love of God was to us, "for God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," *gave him to suffer*. Pray for the children of missionaries in every heathen land.

A new feature of our Balasore Christmas festival will be a procession. The Sunday-school, and indeed a large part of the community, will march through the streets, carrying banners, singing Christian hymns, and playing on instruments of music. We are glad to say that in Balasore all of our young people, and a large number of our men and women, attend the Sunday-school. Since the return to America of Hattie Phillips, who did such faithful work as superintendent, Mr. Boyer has taken the school. He also conducts the children's meeting, and has organized a Young Men's Society for Christian work. Our mission has for many years had a large number of Sunday-schools among the heathen. Some new ones have been organized in Balasore, carried on by these young men under the efficient supervision of Mr. Boyer. Mabel has a well-attended Sunday-school in the book room each Sunday morning, and I have one for young men in the afternoon in the same place. The book room is being patronized more and more.

We are very thankful for our young men. Some of them are promising and seem earnest Christians. Four from Balasore are going to the Bible School this year. One of these, Charlie Sing, will teach part of the time.

Some of our younger men are getting good places under Government. The highest of these is Saul Nayak, who was for many years head Pundit in our Mission School. He is now the Collector's head clerk, and gets Rs. 80 per month. We gave him Rs. 25. It was hard for us to let him go; we wanted him for the Lord's work, as we want many promising young men at home who go into business instead. But here, as there, an honest business man by his life may do much for Christ. All Christians here are not honest, or truthful, or pure, but so great a change has been wrought in the character of the people who have become

Christians, that the heathen know that there is such a thing as honesty and truthfulness and purity. This their religion never taught them.

BALASORE, Jan. 30, 1890.

Christmas in Balasore passed off pleasantly. Our native Christians were especially pleased with the procession. We had four banners with mottoes and sixteen plain ones. The plain ones were dark blue or red. The mottoes were in Oriya: "Jesus Christ's Birthday;" "Jesus loves the Children;" and "Jesus, Saviour." In English, "Christ our Friend." Mabel painted the last on white with Aspinall's enamel in black. When it was done, she asked our boys if it was pretty, and they said: "Yes; but if you had done it in red it would have been much prettier." So she promised them to do one in red and in Oriya for them, which she did. They were delighted.

The exercises at Metrapore passed off well. There was a crowd of Hindus and Santals in, to whom the story of the birth of the Saviour was told. Sunday morning a man and wife were baptized, and a wedding was performed after the morning service, which you would have smiled to see. The bride and groom were Santals; he old and gray, she comparatively young. They came into the service bringing twin babies, who fortunately both slept while the marriage ceremony was performed. It would have been awkward if they had waked up then. Such a ceremony was painful, ridiculous, and encouraging, if such a combination can be. The encouraging thing was that though they had become Christians and been baptized without anybody suspecting but that they had been married according to Santal rules, they had learned enough and had their consciences roused enough to confess that they were living as thousands do in this land, but not as Christ would have them. So they were married.

One painful thing occurred in Metrapore. A man from our Balasore Community who had once been a leading man, but fell through drink, went out to Metrapore for Christmas. He

had been trying to reform and had not drank for some time. A Government outstill has been opened within a mile of Metrapore, and here this man got drunk, and he was disgracefully noisy and rude when he came back to Metrapore. We are helpless here where Government calls wrong right because there is money in it. They are called Government outstills here. It were well if at home over every factory of murder and eternal woe were painted the words, "U. S. Government Saloon." How long will Christian men vote a ticket that permits these things to be?

When we came to India there was an opium den across the street from the Mission building, which is at once church, schoolhouse, and stopping place for the missionaries who go there. Government protected it; we could not close it. The man is converted now, and it is closed. He has been consistent in his Christian life for some time, and is now to be put into the Chandbali School as second Pundit. We thank God for this.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE AND EXCHANGE.

RECEIPTS for costume fund during the past two months:—

Auxiliary, Fairport, N. Y.	\$1.00
" Haverhill, Mass.25
" Mrs. E. W. Porter, Blackstone, Mass.	1.00
	<hr/>
	\$2.25

For essays, poems, songs, Bible readings, concert exercises, dialogues, etc., *without costumes*, apply to Mrs. L. B. Stillman, 40 Wood St., Providence, R. I.

Send contributions for the costume fund and orders for costumed exercises to Miss K. J. Anthony, 40 Summer St., Providence, R. I.

HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS.

[See articles, "Needs of Freedmen," and "Some Hindu Superstitions."]

WHAT are the great needs of the Freedmen?

How many in our country?

Illustrate their possibilities by results in Texas.

What have they done in journalism?

How is our school at Harper's Ferry helping?

Are the Hindus a superstitious people?

To what do their superstitions extend?

Tell their notions in regard to dreams.

Give some of their good omens.

What raised Kopila Deb to the position of Rajah?

What contrasts between omens affecting men and women?

Of what does a book in the vernacular treat?

What insures eternal bliss?

What other omens influence the people?

The very day the American Baptist Missionary Union accepted the Livingstone inland mission, 200,000 gallons of rum were taken from Boston in a single ship for the Congo region.

In the Doshisha, or Congregational College, at Kyoto, Japan, 172 students have made profession of their faith in Christ during the past year, 98 at one time. There are over 900 pupils in the college.

Whether women aspire or ever attain to the highest duties of citizenship, which, properly recognized, are also Christian duties of the truest order, certain it is that some of the laws which now disgrace our statute books would never have found a place there had woman's voice been consulted.—*Miss. Outlook.*

HOME DEPARTMENT.

NOW.

"Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow."

NOW is the only moment which is ours. Because this is true, all the commands and promises of Scripture are in the present tense. As Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "God delights to isolate us every day, and hide from us the past and the future. We would look about us, but with grand politeness he draws before us an impenetrable screen of purest sky, and another behind us of purest sky. All good conversation, manners, and action come from a spontaneity which forgets usages and makes the moment great."

Contrary to this law of life, we are trying to live, most of us at least, in some future time. We are constantly anticipating in our plans, our worries, our fears, and our imaginations. Instead of seeking to know the truth which makes us free, we speculate about things beyond our ken, and are enslaved.

Thus we borrow trouble which we are never able to repay, are oppressed with fears which are never realized, and die a thousand deaths, while grace is only promised for one. Besides, we thus rob ourselves of the enjoyment which is ours to-day, and use the strength which belongs to present duty, in the unrealities whose harvest is only tares. Concentration of thought, the secret of power, is constantly weakening through this kind of living. Prentice Mulford says: "People unconsciously get so mastered by the habit of sending their force or thought away from the body on the thing to be done, or the place they want to be in, an hour hence, or a minute hence,

that at last they lose the ability to fasten their thought thoroughly on anything."

The effect physically of the waste of mental strength on an uncertain future, instead of the proper use of it in present duty, is beyond present calculation, because we know so little as yet of the exact relations between mind and body. But a careful observer of life cannot fail to note that worry and hurry and fear and mind-wandering generally are closely associated with sickness. But its moral effect is quite easily determined, for it cannot fail to weaken faith, without which it is impossible to please God. He promises strength for present duty, conquest over the temptations which now beset us, peace and comfort and rest in the present moment, but he allows no anticipation. Our faith, if it grows strong and abiding, thrives on loyalty to the present.

This moment is ours—no other. So, let us husband it, enjoy it, concentrate our thought upon it, be loyal to its light, and recognize God in it, and nothing but unreality and "vanity and vexation of spirit" outside of it. "Let us be poised and wise, and our own, to-day."

THE POWER WITHIN.

INVALIDS for the most part are trying to get well from the outside, instead of from the inside. They think that it is necessary to be continually taking something or doing something, not comprehending that the living principle within is also the curative principle. How many people are chasing health in frequent changes of climate, spending fabulous amounts of money for the advice of celebrated physicians, when they need only the right conditions and an untroubled faith in the healing power of Nature to restore them to perfect health. God did not make man "a little lower than himself," to be dependent upon outward remedies, but conferred on him with the breath of life that power which, under obedience to law, should

preserve his health and always serve him in time of need. It is because man fails to recognize his own resources that he seeks for other help, and he will therefore continue to suffer the consequences of his ignorance until he learns to give Nature a chance, and trusts to that healing potency within himself which, by the working of an infallible law, will, when relied upon, express itself in health, strength, and physical power.—*The Laws of Life*.

STEP AND STEP.

“IT is very mortifying,” said a lady well along in life, “to have your children outgrow you in intellectual attainment. I can’t consent that it should be so in my case, and that is why I am taking this course of lectures in English literature. When my sons and daughters come home from college and talk of Homer and the great Greek and Latin authors, I must be able to share in the conversation, and so I read the translations in Bohn’s Classical Library.”

This mother will command the respect, intellectual no less than moral, of her children as long as she lives. She will not cease to be their guide, their counselor, their companion and friend, so long as she walks beside them here.

Drawing out her methods of training her children from the beginning, they were found to be on this wise. During their infancy she kept up to a limited extent her habits of reading formed previous to marriage. She had books in her nursery, in her kitchen, to pick up and refresh herself withal when a moment’s leisure permitted. When the children went to school, she looked over their lessons with them, helped them over hard places, and thus reviewed the studies of her own youth and kept fresh in them. When they went away to college she took up lines of reading that should keep her in intellectual sympathy with them.

To do all this she had to choose between alternatives both very desirable. She could not embroider and ruffle her cloth-

ing and theirs, and at the same time embroider her mind and theirs with gems of knowledge ; so she dressed them plainly. She could not indulge in an elaborate style of living, and have time to devote to their studies ; so she lived simply. Thus placing ever the spiritual above the physical, yet giving the physical its full meed of attention, she was able to prolong indefinitely the period of her own mental growth, and foster wisely all the interests of her family.

At no time in life do children need judicious fathering and mothering more than when they stand on the threshold of manhood and womanhood, when they are taking upon themselves the responsibilities of adult life. If at this time the father and mother can be to them as an elder brother and sister, and as parents too, the happiness of all concerned is as efficiently secured as it is possible to be.—*Union Signal*.

EVER A SONG SOMEWHERE.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear ;
There is ever a something sings away ;
There's the song of the lark when the sky is clear,
And the song of the thrush when the sky is gray.

The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird thrills in the orchard tree ;
And in and out when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the midday blue ;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.

The buds may blow, and the fruits may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere ;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There's ever a song somewhere, my dear.

—*James Whitcomb Riley*.

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

IOWA.

The W. M. S. of the Waterloo Q. M. met with the Fairbanks church, Feb. 15, at 7.30 P. M., the Q. M. president, Mrs. Finch, in the chair, with Mrs. I. M. Ward, auxiliary president, assisting. The seventeenth chapter of Acts was read, and prayer was offered by Bro. Coats. An address of welcome was given by Mrs. H. E. Sanborn. After the reading of the minutes and report of secretary, a program of dialogues, recitations, and singing was well carried out, young and old assisting.

After closing remarks by the president, a collection of \$2.70 was taken. Exercises closed with prayer and singing.

MRS. E. J. MERRITT, *Sec.*

MICHIGAN.

The ladies of the W. M. S. of the Hillsdale Q. M., held their Quarterly session with the Reading church, Jan. 11.

The letters received from the different Auxiliaries were listened to with much attention. The evening program consisted of recitations and papers, interspersed with music. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the house was filled, and every one felt fully repaid for coming out in the storm.

ADA DAVIS, *Sec.*

MINNESOTA.

A public missionary meeting under the auspices of the W. M. S. of the First F. B. church, was held in the audience room of the church, Sunday evening, March 2. The president, Mrs. L. E. Leighton, occupied the chair. An entertainment program was rendered to an appreciative audience.

Renewed effort has been put forth for the coming year, which we hope and believe will help to more aggressive work.

ALLA SHARPE, *Sec.*

Pickwick.—I cannot report much of interest in our little society, but we have a few who do all they can in our mission work. We do not give up because we can do but little, for we remember that each rain drop helps fill the ocean; so our "mites" in the mission cause will help to carry the Gospel news to those less favored both in home and foreign lands.

M. M. GRANNIS, *Sec. of W. M. S.*

NEBRASKA.

The W. M. S. of the Nemaha River Q. M. held a public meeting in connection with the Q. M. at Centerville, Saturday evening, March 15. The attendance from a distance was small, on account of bad weather and sickness. The president, Mrs. J. J. Murphy, was lying very sick at her home in Grand View. All were sorry that she could not be present, and much sympathy was expressed for her and her family. We hope and pray that God in his wisdom and goodness may see fit to spare her, that she may be in the future, as in the past, a worker for God and humanity. The secretary was also absent on account of sickness. Miss Della Root acted as president, and Miss Bouck as secretary.

The Auxiliaries are all doing good work. Grand View had cleared \$20.58 during the quarter. The rest of the societies failed to send in a financial report.

Rev. R. N. Bouck offered the opening prayer, and also gave a short address on missions. Rehearsals and essays were given by several misses. Collection, \$2.31. LINDA F. POPE, *Sec.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

As the prevailing disease was visiting the towns of New Hampshire at the time of our January Q. M., we were under

the necessity of omitting the session, after we had prepared the best program of the year.

As our letter as treasurer of Belknap Q. M. was in readiness and not used, we will forward for publication, as when we were away in the far West we looked with longing eyes to every HELPER to see what the churches at home were doing.

The church at Loudon has formed an Auxiliary which showed itself very efficient at our last Q. M. In Belknap Q. M. our ministers are so interested in missions they give to the missionary meeting the preference on program as to time; then, family-like, the Parent Society, Woman's Missionary Society, and A. C. F's, with the children, unite to make the session interesting and helpful, causing missions to be more popular with men, women, and children than ever before. We are hoping it is only the beginning of a much greater interest in both Home and Foreign work. The collection is given the W. M. S. The W. M. S. has a prayer-meeting and business session at another hour.

Mrs. J. T. WEEKS.

OHIO.

Wishing to be known among the Mission workers, I write to represent the Ohio River Y. M. W. M. S.

Though our membership is not as large as it should be, and the workers are much distributed, we are trying to maintain the spirit of the work. At the last yearly session, held with the Flemington church, West Virginia, quite an interesting program was carried out by the members of the Auxiliary at that place. The secretary reports favorable work at present. The Yearly Meeting Society was re-organized by electing the following officers: President, Mrs. Z. L. Carr, Jackson, O.; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Emma Musser, Flemington, W. Va.; recording secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Thula C. Hooper, Athens, O. As yet the funds come in rather slowly, but we hope soon to give more favorable reports.

MRS. C. HOOPER, *Sec. and Treas.*

Our Young People.

"FOR the soul that gives is the soul that lives;
And in bearing another's load,
We lighten our own, and shorten the way,
And brighten the homeward road."

SANTAL MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

BY THE REV. J. P. BURKHOLDER.

IT is interesting to study the habits of any people, as well of the untutored as of the highly cultured. These sons of the forests are no exception to the rule. Some of their marriage customs are quite in keeping with those of Bible times. One wonders if there could have been any connection between these ancient people living hundreds of years before the Christian era, and the tribes who now inhabit this country.

There are several legitimate ways in which a Santal can secure a wife. The one most in favor and adopted by the more respectable portion of the community is for the parents who have a son or daughter to be married, to send two or three elderly women in search of a suitable companion. When one has been found, the members of the two families interchange visits to see if a proper person has been selected. The parties most concerned have *no* voice in the matter. When the friends on both sides are satisfied, a village council is called to fix the price of the bride. If she belongs to a good family and is fine looking, her parents can demand a cow to be given to her brother, a cloth for her mother; also money ranging from three to twenty rupees (one to six dollars). The mondal, or head man, of the village also claims a share in the price. When all has been arranged, the invitations are sent to the wedding. These consist of bits of knotted cotton thread, smeared with

turmeric. The knots indicate the number of days to elapse before the bride is to be brought to her father-in-law's house. The day before she is expected, the bridegroom is properly anointed from head to foot with oil and turmeric by his female friends, and dressed in a new cloth which has been made more or less yellow by being dipped in turmeric water.

Just before leaving home to bring his bride, surrounded by the whole village he is taken to a mango tree. A mat is spread on the ground on which his mother seats herself. She then takes her son in her lap and feeds him dried pounded rice and molasses. He is then married to the tree, which he embraces twice, a leaf of which is tied to one of his wrists, that he may be as prolific as is the mango tree. He then mounts the shoulders of some man selected for the purpose, and is carried a short distance out of the village. They are accompanied by torch bearers and persons taking rice, etc., to the bride's family. One day is spent at her house in feasting and drinking. The following night the party returns with the bride, three or four elderly female relatives keeping her company.

The young women and girls of the village (the virgins of old) after having been duly anointed with the turmeric and oil, their hair neatly combed and ornamented with flowers, at the bridegroom's house await the arrival of the bridal party. About midnight, the drummers and fifers who lead the torch-light procession announce the approach of the party. The remainder of the night and the following day are spent in feasting and dancing. The sound of the drums makes every one well-nigh wild with excitement. A large crowd gather about the house. The women and girls, taking hold of hands, form a semi-circle, at the head of which stand the gray-headed women, at the foot little girls of five or six years of age. Some strong-voiced young woman starts a weird song, others join her, then the line begins to move. In uniform step and in perfect time, round and round they sweep. It is really a very interesting sight. Their festivities are all out of doors in front of the

bridegroom's house. If any distinguished or elderly person calls, the young pair are led out by the eldest daughter-in-law, if there be one, or some other female relative, each making a very peculiar low bow to the callers. They in turn are expected to give the bride some present. During the afternoon, the bride's friends return home, leaving her to the tender mercies of her new relatives. Before she becomes acquainted with her husband and his parents with whom she must live and whom she must serve, she usually runs back to her father's, time after time. She has to be brought back again amid tears, scoldings, and beatings. If she utterly refuses "to make his house," her parents return what they received for her. This is considered a legal divorce, after which both parties are free to make other marriage connections.

Laban's plan for securing husbands for his daughters is quite in vogue among the Santals. A young man may not be able to pay the full price of the bride he wishes, or her parents may wish a servant, so they give their daughter to him on condition he will live with and serve them for five or seven years, after which he can take his wife and go where he pleases. Such a marriage is called "taking a house, son-in-law."

The plan adopted by the Israelites of old for securing wives for the tribe of Benjamin is still another mode. A secret arrangement usually is entered into between the young man and the girl of his choice. They wait until one of their great festivals occurs. When all are interested in the drinking and dancing, he feignedly by force and against her will drags her away and rubs the red powder on to her forehead, which is the sign of marriage. For two or three days they hide themselves in the daytime in the woods, and at some friend's house at night. Meanwhile the parents search for the young people, pretending to suffer great mental agony caused by the shameful conduct of their children. When all has become quiet, a village council is called at the young man's house, and the price for the bride is

fixed. A goat is killed, a feast is made, the price is paid, and then all is settled.

Aside from these three modes of marriage, it is the easiest and a most common practice for husbands and wives to interchange. A man for some slight cause suddenly leaves a large family of little ones for his wife to support, while he takes a younger woman; and as easy is it for a woman to forget all her motherly instincts and forsake a nursing babe, running away with the husband of some other woman.

One of our Christian young men when talking to us about these matters said: "You can have no conception of how much of the animal still clings to the best of us."

There used to be a custom among them of this kind; *viz.*, during their yearly hunt, which occurs in the month of April and continues for ten or fifteen days, a general council is held at night where all engaged in the hunt camp out on an open plain. At this great gathering, questions of general interest are brought up for decision. If a man has during the year eloped with another man's wife, the guilty party is summoned to appear, notice having been sent him of the day of the meeting by means of the knotted string. During the excitement of the hunt, the injured man avenges himself by killing his adversary if possible. This is a glimpse only, into a Santal's home life.

"Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinkingly say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.
Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season, gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace
Just for to-day.
So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day."



EVENING SHADOWS.

A little star just peeped
From out the sky,
The shadows dark around
Show night is nigh.

How many boys and girls,
With eyes so bright,
Now put in small, white beds,
Are kissed "good night."

Dear Lord, as slumbers sweet,
O'er eyelids fall,
Watch over them, I pray,
And keep them all.

—*Marah Meredith.*

LETTER FROM INDIA.

DEAR CHILDREN :—Some months ago I took you to visit one of my Hindu Girls' schools; how would you like to look in on our Sunday-school to-day? Three of the Hindu day schools from the near villages attend very regularly, and they, with the children of our Christian village, make quite a large company. The Sunday-school is held in the schoolhouse because it is much larger than the church and has a nice large veranda on three sides. This affords ample sitting-room for the classes to gather after the opening exercises, and they have room enough so they will not disturb others, for each class makes a good loud noise of its own. Paul Nayak, the native preacher, is also Sunday-school superintendent. He is a young man, a good singer, and fine leader for children. After the opening hymn, prayer, and reading of the lesson, all join in repeating the Ten Commandments, closing with the eleventh.

Then the classes separate, and spend about half an hour with their teachers in reciting the same lesson all the home children have for that day, for we use the International lessons, too. The lesson finished, they sing another hymn, and then the superintendent asks a good many questions about what they have been learning, and all who have committed the Golden Text stand up and repeat it together. A number of the heathen children are always prepared to say it, having been taught by their teacher during the week in the day schools. The hymns they sing are all Oriya, and so are most of the tunes, but occasionally they sing an English tune to the native words. This you would hardly be able to recognize were you to hear it, so much have they corrupted it with their own ideas of how it ought to be sung. One of their favorites is Yankee Doodle, and it sounds quite well with the Oriya words. The girls all sit at one end of the room on graded seats. I think you would soon be able to recognize the Christian from the Hindu girls, although all are dressed in the same native costume, with one end of the cloth drawn over the head. But the clothing of the Christian girls is much plainer, and their faces have a clear, happy look which you would not see in Hindu girls. I am sorry to say they are a very restless set of children, and have to be spoken to a number of times during the school. Each child gets an attendance ticket every Sunday, and for four of these they get a picture card. Just at the close of school these tickets are redeemed, and I wish you could see the happy faces when one of the pretty advertisement cards which our friends in America send us is put into their hands. Those with pictures of little children please them most. My own class is made up of the little mites, two years old and less, for all the babies go to church and Sunday-school here. Their lesson is from a very pretty scrap picture album sent from America in our last box. It is one of those made from different colors of paper muslin, and just the thing to take the eye of such children. Those made of cloth are so much stronger and do not tear. Do some of the children at home want to make some of this kind for Christmas presents this year for our little girls? You can send them out by Miss Mary Bachelor when she comes next fall.

MRS. H. M. BACHELER.

Fellaspore, Feb. 28, 1890.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE wish friends who have correspondence with our Home Secretary for the Interior to note that the address of Miss Anna Stockwell is changed to Mrs. A. P. Stockwell Skeel, Manchester Center, Vt. Her change in location will not prevent her attention to the duties of her office. We hope it is not too late to extend our congratulations to this faithful worker. We trust her new relations will be blessed in broadening and deepening happiness and usefulness. . . . To the friend who asks for the address of Rev. Arthur Given, we reply, it is 457 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass. . . . The tour of Rev. J. L. Phillips among the General Baptist churches is having excellent results in awakening an interest in missions, and developing plans for them to enter at once into the work. . . .

Missionary women of four denominations recently sent an embassy to the United States President, imploring him to use his influence to stop the exportation of American whisky to heathen lands. Mrs. Moses Smith, who led in this effort, is the lady who, in 1874, headed the Crusaders who went to the Chicago City Council to plead for the enforcement of the Sunday law, and who barely escaped injury from a band of hoodlums led by saloon keepers. Both liquor people and temperance people are knocking at the doors of our National Capitol, as well as of the White House. We hope it will not be many years before the time will have passed when it can be said of a State dinner, as of one recently given, that five wine-glasses were at each plate, those of the President and wife included. . . . The International Missionary Union will hold its Seventh Annual Meeting at Clifton Springs, New York, June 11 to 18 inclusive. Free entertainment will be provided for all foreign missionaries or persons who have been foreign missionaries. Candidates under appointment to any foreign field are invited and will be entertained. It will not be practicable to entertain children of missionaries. Inquiries concerning the approaching meeting or on any subject concerning the International Missionary Union will be answered with pleasure by J. T. Gracey, D. D., President, 183 Glenwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., or William H. Belden, Secretary, Bridgeton, New Jersey.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts to March 24, 1890.

MAINE.

Atkinson, auxiliary.....	\$5 00
Auburn, church.....	.45
Bowdoinham, aux. for Miss Coombs.....	5 00
Bangor, auxiliary.....	7 75
Charleston, auxiliary.....	4 00
Corinna, Mrs. E. L. Tasker, blinds for M. H.....	.25
Dover and Foxcroft, auxiliary.....	5 00
Exeter, Q. M. collection.....	6 55
East Dixfield, auxiliary.....	2 00
East Livermore, aux. for F. M. Greene, aux. for salary Miss Coombs.....	3 80
Lewiston, aux. Main St. for blinds M. H.....	5 00
Medford, S. S. collection.....	8 00
North Bradford, Mrs. A. J. Clark.....	3 00
North Parsonsfield, auxiliary..	.25
Pittsfield, Mrs. Walker, 2d Ch.	2 00
Palmyra, church.....	.25
Sebec, Q. M. collection.....	1 25
West Falmouth, auxiliary, Mrs. Lightner's salary.....	7 25
West Falmouth, aux. "Helping Hands" do.....	7 00
	3 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Franklin Falls, auxiliary.....	6 50
Franklin Falls, from Mrs. Lombard's miss. box.....	1 50
Lake Village, church.....	.92
Laconia, mission band, for Laconia school at Midnapore.	7 00
Laconia, auxiliary, on L. M. Mrs. Flora A. Merrill.....	5 00
New Market, aux. for F. M...	7 35

VERMONT.

East Randolph, auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary..	10 00
Enosburgh, Q. M. for do.....	3 00
Enosburgh Falls, church for do	5 60
South Strafford, auxiliary for do	5 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury, M. P. Carlton and Mrs. J. M. Lamprey, as members, ea. \$1.00.....	2 00
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Lowell, "Golden Rule" Band, Paige St. church, orphan at Balasore.....	\$20 00
Lynn, church.....	4 35

NEW YORK.

West Oneonta, auxiliary Phulmoni with Miss Coombs....	14 00
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MICHIGAN.

Summerville and Pokagon, aux. 1-2 each H. and F. M.....	12 00
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IOWA.

Rutland, auxiliary.....	3 00
Quarry, Mrs. A. Bratt, F. M..	.50

MINNESOTA.

Champlin, Ch. for Bible women	12 50
Delevan, Mrs. T. Bailey Inc. Fund.....	1 00
Hennepin, Q. M. aux. for F. M. Minneapolis, aux. Stevens Ave. Ch., school in India, \$25 00; Zenana work, \$25 00.....	6 80
	50 00

KANSAS.

Mrs. C. Nesselrode, H. M.....	1 00
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CALIFORNIA.

San Fernando, Mary Vose.....	1 00
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Swanson, Mr. J. and Mrs. E. Draper, each \$2 50 in memory of their mother, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary.....	5 00
Stanstead, Q. M. auxiliary, do.	3 32
Stanstead, Q. M. auxiliary, for teacher Emily	5 00
West — Charles Kirby and wife for Mrs. Smith's salary	2 00

Total\$271 04

NOTE.—Owing to absence from home, the balance of March receipts will appear with the April receipts.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

Dover, N. H.

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